THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VIII.] RICHMOND, IND., MAY 15, 1856. [NO. 10.

THE LILY.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT RICHMOND, IND.

Terms---Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or Seven Copies for Three ollars

All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL.

Editor and Proprietor.

For The Lily.

The Distant Loved One.

Lo! the shades of eve are falling,
Gently falling, gently falling:
Now the shades of eve are falling,
While the vesper bell is tolling,
And its accents sweetly calling
1st. Thoughts of happiness and home;
Thoughts of loved ones now departed,
From us parted, far departed:
Thoughts of loved ones now departed,
Though the heart was once deserted,
Now, again with hope transported,
And the joys that are to come.

On a bright and sunny morning,
Sunny morning, sunny morning:
On a bright and sunny morning,
While the heart was deeply yearning,
And emotions ever turning,
2nd. Sad, we took the parting hand.
All was silent at that meeting,
At that meeting, happy meeting:
All was silent at that meeting,
Save the heart so quickly beating;
Told of nought but fare well greeting
And departure from the band.

In that group was father, mother,
Sisters dear, and yourger brother:
In that group was father, mother,
Dearer still, there was one other;
Hope of time, the goodly lover,
3d. Weeping at the parting hour.

Dry thy tears, we hope to meet thee,
Hope to meet thee, hope to meet thee:
Yes, again we hope to meet thee,
And with joy sincerely greet thee,
And through time to ever keep thee,
With thee, dwell in Eden's bower.

Fast the years are by us rolling,
O'er us rolling, o'er us rolling:
Fast the years are by us rolling,
And the moments sweetly telling,
"We thy fate are now controlling,
4th. Let no thought of danger come."
Soon will time so swiftly passing,
Swiftly passing, swiftly passing,
Soon will time so swiftly passing,
Bear us onward; never ceasing
Till thy spirit finds its blessing,
Mid the dear delights of home.

By education, women become very easy to lead, but difficult to drive—easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.

For The Lily.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY META MILWOOD.

Continued.

CHAPTER III.

The admittance of Annie Blane into the family of his preceptor gave an additional charm to the life of Charles Wentworth. If the society of Julia had before contributed to his happiness, that of Annie now greatly enhanced it; her quick, ready genius, clear perception and aspiring mind harmonized so entirely with his, as to render her companionship of double value.

While Julia would listen in silence to his lofty flights of reasoning, and the results of his deep investigations; Annie would soar with him and explain the hidden mysteries of science, with a capacity far beyond her years; and yet not one jot of his affection for Julia was abated. He valued her as a brother would a true and loving sister.—But for Annie his heart owned a preference founded in the laws of his being, and not to be eradicated. But we will not anticipate.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of September, that Annie, accompanied by Julia, prepared for a walk to the residence of her mother. She had now been three months away, and as this was her thirteenth birth day, she knew that some little memorial from her friends would await her.—At the garden gate they met Charles.

'Where now girls,' he asked, 'you have played truant so much with me of late that I am getting quite jealous. I have half a mind to follow you and find at what shrines you worship.'

'We are only admirers, not idoaltors,' replied Julia, smiling, 'but we are not now going to visit our favorite haunts in the grove. This is Annie's birth day, and I was going to accompany her home. I doubt not your company would also be agreeable. What say you, Annie?'

'Charles is welcome to go with us if he can condescend to visit my poor home. It will sadly contrast with his and yours, but I can assure you,' she added, turning to Charles and speaking with some pride, 'that home contains treasures greater than which none can boast, though blight rests upon it.'

'It has contained one treasure at least, he replied, and one of which my own could never boast.—How often have I felt that I would give worldly wealth, honor and all, for a true and loving sister.'

When they reached the place, Mrs. Blane came forth to meet them, and led them into the house.—Blane was at home, just recovering from a drunken spree. He had sufficient consciousness to recognize his daughter, and to know that he was in the presence of persons of respectability, something of his former sense of decorum coming across his benumbed and brutified feeling, he arose from the stool on which he had been sitting and attempted to reach some seats, but the act proved too much for his palsied limbs, and he fell prostrate upon the floor. The blood mounted to Annie's forehead, and she cast a distressed look towards Julia, who ever ready to interpose in her relief, turned quickly towards the window and called on Annie to show her the beautiful rose plant she had promised. Eager to do something that might direct the attention of Charles and Julia from her father, she turned toward her little closet to bring forth the favorite plant. Her mother drew her aside and told her that her father had, a few days before in a drunken paroxysm, seized it and dashed it against the wall, breaking the jar and utterly destroying it.

Poor Annie could no longer restrain her feelings. Her delicate rose which every month put forth its tiny buds, which she watched with that instinctive love of the beautiful, so inherent in her nature—until its pure white blossoms gladdened her heart, was the gift of an aged friend, now passed away. By whose bedside she had watched with unwearied care and whose last hours she had cheered by reading the words of truth she so much loved, and who in return had given her this token of love, about the only thing of value she possessed in this world. Annie had loved it and watched over it with parental care and on leaving home had charged her brothers not to let her rose tree die. Now it was gone, and one passionate exclamation gave vent to her feelings. O! my dearest gift, O! my cruel, cruel father! Checking herself she turned to the window to hide her tears!

Blane's dull ear caught her words. O! don't cry Ann, he said in a broken voice, interupted by the frequent hiccup; deed I didn't meant to; just stumbled over it. Curse the thing, always in my way. But never mind, I'll give ye money to buy another up to Garbles; and he fumbled in his dirty pockets as if for his purse. Never mind, he added at length, guess I left it to Carlton's. Worked there last week; give it to ye some other time, and he sank back in a stupid doze.

Willing to relieve the distressed family of his presence, Charles invited the boys (who had crowded obout their sister, eager to show their sympathy) to conduct him to their garden which he had noticed on the back side of the cottage.

With childish eagerness they all rushed forth.

'This, Mr. Wentworth, is my patch,' said little Willie, pointing with pride to several rows of potatoes and beans, which he had planted, 'Bob Gobbins lends me his hoe when he don't use it.—All these vines are George's, and James takes care of the rest.'

'It is not very good care I take of it,' replied James; a fine lad of eleven years, 'for I have to depend on borrowing for all the instruments I use. Mother has twice bought me a hoe, but then Carlton or Croan, or some of the rest of the doggery keepers will get father in debt for whisky and then everything has to go. If it wasn't for mother's sake I would not try to do any thing.'

Charles spoke soothingly and encouragingly to them, and taking his wallet from his pocket, presented each with a piece of money sufficient to buy a spade and garden hoe, suggesting that they be kept in the hands of some trusty neighbor and used as if borrowed and then returned.

'I just know what I'll do,' said little Will., with a rogueish twinkle of his black eye. 'I'll whip over and put mine in old uncle Gubbins' tool house, and I guess he won't dare go there after it. He'd be afraid of the old man's clutches.'

'Not so much of he would of Dave Gubbins' tongue,' responded George.

Leaving the boys training some vines about a post he had set up for them, Charles returned to the house. Julia and Annie had retired with Mrs. Blane to her room. Blane was snoring in a corner, and he had leisure to contemplate the wretchedness of the place and to reflect on the misery and woe which intemperance brings to its victims. Seeing a well worn bible lying upon the little corner shelf, (it was the only article which the guilty wretch dared not desecrate by his touch) he opened it and laying a five pound note beside a book mark on which was inscribed in fine needlework, "From Annie to her Mother," with the significant emblem of a cross and crown neatly executed. He seated himself to await the entrance of his companions. They soon came in. A tender parting from her mother and brothers and a mournful glance toward the prostrate form of her brutified father, and Annie was on her way to the home of benefactor.

Few words were spoken, but as the shadows of evening darkened, and Charles with a brothers care, placed an arm of each within his own. The gentle pressure of his hand told to Annie more than words of his sympathy for her sufferings.—Ere they reached home two resolves has taken possesion of young Wentworth. One was to devote his time, talents and property to the cause of temperance. Of the other we will not speak now.

A year has passed rapidly away, and the time has come when Charles must enter College. A few days previous to his departure, he requested that Julia and Annie would visit with him a daguerrean gallery and favor him wtth a sitting, that he might not, as he said, leave all his dear sisters behind. I shall need, said he, the bright smile of Annie ever to urge me onward and the quiet,calm beauty of Julia will check me if tempted to excess. Both willingly consented, and a beautiful picture was produced, which Charles received with raptures and presented in return to each his own likeness in miniature handsomely set in a gold locket.

Little did Annie dream, when the artist requested her to yield to another sitting alone that he might obtain a specimen picture of her striking countenance, that it was a plan by which Charles was to obtain a duplicate in miniature to be worn next his heart as a talisman of hope and future happiness.

Charles parted with his kind friends Mr. and Mrs. G. with many regrets, and still urged them to extend their hospitalities of their home to Annie. This they would gladly have done, but like most ministers, Mr. Grovener only obtained a salary sufficient for the support of his own family, subject to the strictest economy. Out of the surplus pay after deducting the expense of Charles' board, they had been enabled to maintain Annie, but now that some of his revenue was removed, and some of his parishoners were already beginning to talk of lessening their subscriptions in consequence of their minister supporting a charity child.

Foremost among those fault-finders was Nicholas Grant, Esq., the father of Mary, whose spirit of envy towards Annie was increased ten fold, in seeing the position she was likely to occupy.

Fortunate for Annie about a month previous to her leaving her friend, a meeting of the friends of temperance was held in the town at which Mr. Grovener presided, which resulted in special efforts for the reform of those inebriates whose cases had hitherto been considered as hopeless. Among others, Robert Blane was induced to sign the pledge and thus a reformation secured, which promised to bring peace and security to his distressed and hishonored household. For a few months he continued to adhere to his pledge, and promised again to be the kind husband and tender father he had once been. The improvement so conspicuous in the daughter who in her infancy and early childhood was his darling and his pride, her elevation of mind and extraordinary capacity, he frequently cammented upon. Again and again he thanked Mr. Grovener for his kind efforts in his behalf, and ceased not to upbraid himself for the misery he had brought to his family. Again the light of joy shone in the eye of his devoted wife, and his sons bounded to his side on his return with a confidence they had never before known.—hat alas their comfort was of short duration.—The legalized murderers of men, aye and woman too, and helpless childhood, still presented their incantations. Again he fell and the evil Demon which had been temperarily cast out, returned not alone. He was seven fold more Demoniac than before. Frequently in the dead of night were his wife and children driven shrieking from their beds and obliged to take refuge with their neighbors. Driven to this last extremity, Mrs. Blane resolved to leave him and return with her children to her friends. Her plans matured, she awaited a return of consciousness which would sometimes occur after he had slept away the effects of his potions. The few valuables she possessed with her own and children's clothing were packed in her trunks, the rest she would leave for him; yet she could not go without a parting word. For several days he had been absent while her arrangements were made, yet she knew that the price of the articles he carried to the rum-seller would soon be exhausted and he would return for more. It was late at night when his heavy footsteps was heard entering his home. With a muttered curse he threw himself on his bed without even divesting himself of his boots.

Mrs. Gubbins who had come in to see if her friend was going to start in the morning, and to tender her assistance, soon retired and Mrs. Blane sat alone. Her children were quietly sleeping in the loft above her, and she knew that she should not be disturbed that night; yet she felt no disposition to sleep.

Reader, what think you were the reflections of that wretched woman as she sat alone through the dreary watches of that darksome night? When she reflected on her situation and that of her helpless children? When she beheld in the bloated, disgusting being before her, all that remained of her once noble and manly companion, and knew that the law, by sanctioning the vile traffic, made him such a being. Think you that if the question had been propounded to her whether she would (if allowed) cast a vote for the Maine Law, she would have replied that there was men enough to reform the laws, and it would be exceedingly improper for women to meddle with politics?

TO BE CONCLUDED.

For The Lily.

Nursing the Sick.

Although this is one of the most important branches of life's business, there scarcely is one that is so poorly attended, or one for which so little provision is made.

We have physicians almost by scores, crowding our cities and villages, to administer medicine to the sick.

We can hardly turn a corner of the street, or take up a newspaper but that our eye is greeted by the elaborate card of some M. D.; some declaration that Mr. such a one has regularly gone through a course of study, lectures, demonstrations and all necessary requirements for the profession, and is now ready to relieve the suffering of humanity. Yes, to relieve the suffering; to stop the racking pain, to cool the raving fever, to calm the restless nerves, to soothe the troubled spirit, and compose the raging maniac. These and a thousand other things the physician is expected to do. But let us look into this matter a little, and see how all this is to be accomplished. We will take a single incident for illustration, (for by the analysis of one plant in the vegetable, or one specimen in the animal kingdom, the general properties and characteristics of every individual of the same species is known.) The mother of six children had quite worn herself out by her continued watching and nursing by day and by night, her eldest, a girl of thirteen, and her youngest a babe six months old, who were exceedingly ill of an epidemic fever, which was then raging with fatal violence in the neighborhood, and had swept down many both old and young to an unexpected tomb. The father and husband of this family was one of the stricken ones He had been buried but a few days when his oldest and youngest were attacked with the same fever and seemed to bid fair speedily to follow him. The anxious mother stood by them alternately by day and by night, giving to each a mother's ceaseless care; and suffering for each a mother's anxious solicitude, until worn out nature could stand it no longer. The poisoned miasma too had entered her system, and she fell powerless in the act of supporting her daughter, and was found by the physician in a state of unconsciousness, of raging fever and delirium on the bed beside the dying child. Friends and neighbors gave what care they could, and physicians gave all the care in the physician's province, and all the skill of the art, but there was no skilful nurse to be found—each friend and neighbor had their hands full at home, and no one was to be obtained to give proper attention to the stricken ones, no one to stand by the troubled sufferer and cool the burning brow, or bathe the restless limbs, or soothe the troubled spirit; no one to administer properly the well directed remedies; and in such cases what is the inevitable result. Suffering, Death, and Orphanage of course, and all perhaps because no proper nurse was to be found.

But we will look at another case not quite so heart rending perhaps in its exterior.

The mother of a large family, an affable, interesting and intelligent womon. Many friends are numbered among her numerous acquaintances; loving children prattle around her, and her husband, a noble minded business man, turns to her when the cares of a busy day are over, to soothe a spirit chafed and tired by the toil of a heavy trade.

The whole household depend upon her for almost every comfort, and she a ministering spirit, sheds light and comfort on all around her, until attacked by a violent fever, she was confined to a bed of sickness for weeks, and months, until worn out nature at last released her chastened spirit to live in realms where physical suffering is not known, and the remains of the once noble frame-work of clay, now distorted and worthless is consigned to the Mother Earth. The home circle made desolate. The household comfortless, cheerless, cold!! The husband's heart an aching void.—The orphan children's little hearts feel that the buds of joy implanted there, are never to blossom, are checked and withered in their infancy. Sad regrets and sorrowful condolence fall from the lips of all the friends of the deceased, and each one gives the comfort, "We must submit to God's decrees." Now it is rather comforting, it is true, to feel that our father in Heaven who does all things well, has bereaved us for our good. But if we examine this case rightly will it not be found that we have taken some part in this bereavement ourselves. Or which amounts to the same thing, have not done what we could to avert it. No! we have not done what we could. We did not provide for this friend of ours the care that she needed, although perhaps each friend gave what care their circumstances would admit of. By turns each one went to her assistance and sat by her for an hour or a day, or perhaps watched through the night, and as the duties of home impelled it, hurried off at daylight, leaving her to the care of another who had not been with her before, a young inexperienced girl, to perform the important office of bathing, preparing proper nourishment, ventilating room, giving medicine, &c., all of which was done to the best of her ability and with the kindest wishes, but alas! without the requisite skill, and the poor patient felt that she was more nervous, weaker, had more suffering than on the previous day. During the day another change was made in the nurse, another friend came to offer assistance. A hearty strong woman full of good cheer and worldly comfort, who had never known what sickness was, and finding her friend weak and dispirited, prepared some strong nourishing diet, administered a double portion of medicine at a double rate, (for the young lady forgot to mention the time of giving the medicine,) mixing it with all the exciting gossip she possessed in hopes of raising the poor sufferers spirits, and she, poor mistakened friend, was highly gratified to see the color come in her cheeks, the sparkle in her eys, and unusual strength in her arms, and thinking it would help along, brought the baby and the little prattling, romping Willie to her aid in nursing the sick mother, and by the time the evening visit of the physician was made, the disease,which had been a nervous congestive one, was

fairly settled on the brain, and at a glance the man of skill saw that her case which he had not considered dangerous, was now a very critical one. With the greatest care his examinations were made, and precise and prompt directions given for the night.

Again there was a change of nurses, "fresh hands that would watch so well;" but alas two young ladies that had been up most of the previous night at a party, "a splendid one," of which their hearts and heads were full, and their lips would constantly be letting out the thoughts in an everlasting whisper, which of all sounds in the world is most annoying to a sick person.—This kept their sick friend wakeful and restless with occasional wandering expressions and complaints of the glaring light in the room which indeed was only the faint light of a watchers lamp. This led the ignorant girls to imagine that if they took the light entirely out of the room and left her alone that she would go to sleep, accordingly after having tortured her until after midnight with their whispering and rocking and moving about they concluded they would leave her as they imagined in a more comfortable condition, and both left the room, and throwing themselves on a bed in order to be more quiet, were soon both of them fast asleep, leaving the poor sufferer alone with her burning fever and excited imagination. Oh! what were her sufferings that long night, no mortal can know. Horrid shapes and forms clustered around, a dark abyss threatened her advancing feet, and glaring fires glowed around her.—In the morning her anxious husband shrunk back with horror upon entering the room, to behold the usually calm, pale face of his beloved wife, deep fiery red, and swollen, and her large dark eyes rolling nervously about with a blank unmeaning stare, while her swollen tongue was in vain attempting to articulate the words that her raving mind dictated; additional medical aid was summoned in consultation, and friends flocked in numbers to the house of the unfortunate, each trying to render every aid and comfort they could.—And thus weeks passed on. Physicians came and went; friends were worn out with watching and nursing; and the house which was wont to be the home of order and comfort, of peace and happiness, had forever afterward a dark pall resting upon it, an overshadowing gloom. And all for what? My friends I can tell you what! All for the want of a judicious, skillful nurse during the first week of the lady's illness.

This is no fancy sketch, dear reader. It is real life. The very life we live in; and shall we thus continue to plod on with such a system of taking care of our sick friends, as the sad one to which we have referred, or shall we have a system of nursing as well as a system of medicine that isstudied and thoroughly learned and then professionally practiced.

The sentiment that "without good nursing medical skill is of but little consequence," has been a by word ever since the days of the original Escualapius! and still we provide no nurses except those that spring up like weeds in a garden, by mere chance. Our country is dotted all over with colleges to make doctors, and every body says that doctors can do but little without nurses, and still we take no measures to make nurses. What a gross absurdity; when surely, we need more nurses than doctors, by a great deal.

Will not the ladies take this subject into consideration, and some of them in every neighborhood, whom nature has fitted for the business, qualify themselves for this department of life, this greatest of all professions.

Mothers, will not many of you select from your noble daughter band, one by nature fitted, and give to them suitable education, store their minds with knowledge and learning that will enable them to enter this field with skill and ability; and to discharge its duties with honor. And what field of greater honor does the world present? What sphere more truly elevated and useful?

I know that at present it is considered mere drudgery to be a nurse in the common acceptation of the term, and none but the most self sacrificing will style themselves as such. But this is not as it should be. We must make this business a profession, endowed with all the emoluments and honors of a profession. Why, indeed may this profession not stand equal with its sister the medical profession; for surely it is of equal importance, and so it surely will be when the matter is sufficiently acted upon. When women and men too have given it their careful consideration.

Let us hear from you sisters, through the collumns of The Lily. You are signally interested in it, not only for the comfort and health of father, mother, husband, child, sister, brother, and others very dear, but yourselves. H. B.

Richmond, May 15, 1856.

For the Lily.

OUR SCHOOL.

Dear Mrs. Birdsall—In the 8th number of the Lily, I notice an article from Quispian, in which he speaks of Oberlin College as having stood for years in the front ranks laboring for "almost every good cause;" yet he wonders a little "that those who have the power" do not perceive the injustice of withholding from female pupils many privileges granted to the males.

Friend Quispian must not forget that every step, from the most brutal barbarism up to the present state of things, has each in turn been in the front ranks of reform. But one step could no longer occupy that position after the next was taken. As this is a fundamental principle of progression, reforms must ever continue to change fronts until every principle essential to human happiness has a practical embodiment in human institutions.

There are very many wrongs besides African slavery—wrongs not yet recognized, that must come up for judgment before a more enlightened humanity, and their cases must not remain uncalled because some formidable ones have been postponed.

Please allow me to describe *our* school—the Mt. Carroll Seminary. The minds of its inmates are not chained to any circle of ideas; neither is it controlled by trustees, more anxious to preserve old customs than to do justice. But it is owned, controlled and superintended by two young ladies, Misses Wood and Gregory, graduates of the New York State Normal School. The gentle influence of their own practical Christianity, added to the pure precepts of Christ are the only religious tenets urged upon their pupils. It is their specific object to meet the wants of the age, to cultivate and elevate the youth of both sexes, who are admitted on equal terms, and permitted equal and like privileges.

Should you wish to see a school where females enjoy the same privileges as males, just make an imaginary visit to Mt. Carroll. Here, in the school-rooms, the young ladies may be seen reciting in the same classes, solving problems at the same black-board, in the laboratory, engaged in the same mental experiments; in the school lyceum, discussing, declaiming, voting, occupying the Presidential chair, on committees, &c., at our public examinations, before crowded audiences, singing, reading, and delivering their original orations upon the same platform with the male students.

This state of things might look rather heterodox in a school where it is heresy to regard woman otherwise than as man's inferior, subject to his opinion and dictation. But in *our* school, where boys and girls belong to the same species—where the whole government, legislature, executive and judiciary, are in the hands of females whose management is unsurpassed in any school of the kind in the West, it becomes perfectly orthodox. The Professor of Languages and Elocution, a Methodist clergyman of the very highest order of intellect, is the only male teacher in the Institution. The Professor of Mathematics is a young lady, Miss E. C. Shotwell, of New York, not yet 20 years of age.

Those who advocate female inferiority as a test of orthodoxy, ought to have heard the public examination of Miss Shotwell's classes in arithmetic, book-keeping, Loomis' higher Algebra, Davies' (Legendre) Geometry. The audience having been challenged to hand in any problem in either of the two latter sciences, one was presented which has long been considered a test among algebraists. It was correctly solved and explained by one of the young ladies in about fifteen minutes.

Throughout the examination in the languages, chemistry, physiology, rhetoric, grammar, the most difficult questions in intellectual arithmetic, &c., &c., down to spelling, it was impossible to perceive the least reason for the old belief in woman's mental inferiority. As an individual I was rather inclined to the opinion of an old gentleman who thought "the girls gene most ahead."

Miss S. has now carried her class in geometry, thro' plane trigenometry, and taken up surveying, and can be seen on pleasant days, out with her class making surveys on the seminary grounds.

Perhaps it may be contended that neither she or her female pupils can ever derive any practical benefit from such knowledge except as teachers. But should they ever be left *widows*, and have slices of their homesteads measured off for them by their legal guardians, like bits of bread and butter to children who are liable to waste, unless restricted, they can tell if the angles are correct, or whether they have "for their use during life one third more or less of their husband's real estate." (?)

Woman, without overlooking any of her natural duties, which are much clearer taught by instinct than by man's dictation, is beginning to perceive that it is her imperative duty to cultivate all her talents and faculties in reference to her own eternal interest, rather than aim wholly at the interest of others, as she has hitherto been tought.

The fact is, Quispian, *your* school was doubtless in the front ranks before another made a step in advance; but it must of necessity fall in the rear unless it keeps pace with the demands of a more enlightened age, which "those who have the power" will not be likely to do, as their opinions are probably already stereotyped, and can only be broken up by being crushed under the accumulation of more liberal, and more righteous principles of action.

Yeurs ever,
JANE FROHOCK.

Mt. Carroll, Ill., May 12, '56.

Why Common Sense is Rare.—It is often said that no kind of sense is so rare as common sense; and this is true, simply because common sense is attained by all far more, and as a material gift far less, than most other traits of character. Common sense is the application of thought to common things, and it is rare because most persons will not exercise thought about common things.—If some important affairs recurs, people try then to think, but to very little purpose; because not having exercised their powers on small things, their powers lack the developement necessary for great ones. Hence thoughtless people, when forced to act in an affair of importance, blunder through it with no more chance of doing as they should, than one would have of hitting a small or distant mark at a shooting match if previous practice had not given him the power of hitting objects that are large and near.—*Elements of Character.*

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., MAY 15, 1856.

GIVING JUST CREDIT.—Among the Una subscribers we find several names that we have on our own list. These we will credit for more extended time, and should we, in any case, send two papers to one person, we shall hope to be informed of it.

PROFESSIONAL NURSES.—While we plead for the further opening of the honorable pursuits to women, we do not wish to neglect any to which she can if she will, now have ready access, and earnestly invite her attention to one, entirely with us, unoccupied, to which she would find no barring voice, and one, were it united with sterling education, would rank among those of the first respectability. This career for the women of talent, education and industry to which we would now call attention, is that of professional nurses. We are glad that our correspondent "H. B," has spoken out upon this subject, and hope that many others will give it their candid attention.

We are of the opinion that to be a good nnrse will require as much thorough study, and as many good opportunities and aids for study, as it requires to be a good physician. The two should be sister professions; yet the one should be independent as the other, and its practitioners equally thorough in their attainments.

This is an exceedingly appropriate sphere of action for woman, but we are far from having a thought to deter *any* one from putting themselves in possession of any knowledge or attainment that would aid them to become a good nurse, for we know indeed that many fathers, husbands or brothers, are capital care takers of the sick, and their feelings of duty, and inclination, not allowing them to resign their post by the side of the suffering loved one. But woman's gentleness and ready sympathy, her powers of endurance and untiring watchfulness; her readiness to conciliate, her trust in God, all beautifully qualify her for this vocation. And were the moral, affectional and religious ability, united as it should be and aided by every scientific attainment, she would find this a noble sphere of useful activity for her spare energies. It is one of the grandest qualities of human nature, that such a life is essential, that furnishes opportunities to work out in living activity, their mental designs, to give outward reality to the inward creations. It is not the only grievance of woman that in her industrial life the vocations easily accessible are few and underpaid, but that they are unintellectual—are wanting in that stimuli that forms strong minds, not deformed ones. She needs application for her thought, and as the world becomes more developed in purity, she will find a more abiding satisfaction in these higher pursuits.

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT.—Miss Mary Smith has opened an excellent establishment of plain and fancy millinery, on Sixth street, second square south of Main. We take pleasure in saying to the ladies of Richmond and vicinity, that Miss Smith has an excellent assortment of plain and fancy bonnets, flowers, ribbons, &c., and that they will do well to call upon her if they want good and cheap articles. Custom-made work is also attended to by her, and is executed with promptness and good taste.

March 2d, 1856.

MRS BIRDSALL:—One of your readers remarked to me a few days since, "the Lily grows better and better." There are a greater number of western women contribute to it, and it is waking up an interest in the women of the west that no other means would have done; they seem to feel it theirs and labor to sustain it, long may it continue, and may you *reap a full reward for your* arduous labors in your endeavors to break the fetters which bind the soul of women. The day of redemption draws nigh, and though you and I may not live to see our sex enfranchised, yet I have faith to believe that the good time will come. Laborers true and devoted are being multiplied in many places, and the leaven will continue to spread, if we are all faithful in our humble private way; each of us have an influence, and however humble, let it be for the truth; and even *here*, which has hitherto seemed one of the *dark* spots, light is breaking, and my prayer is that it may shine on unto the perfect day, but the pioneers have much to endure, yet if the crown is in proportion to the cross, and I believe it is, we have nothing to fear.

MARY F. THOMAS.

Liquor Prohibition by Ladies.

KEWANEE, Henry Co., Ill., March 27, '56.

EDS. ADVERTISER:—Yesterday was an exciting day for Kewanee. For some months past, the peace, good order, and happiness of our prosperous town have been destroyed and the moral sense and just feelings of the whole community grossly shocked, outraged and trampled upon by four or five individuals, who persisted in keeping in our midst their infernal dens of licentiousness, drunkenness and crime, which were fast drawing into their fatal snares our young men and women.

Remonstrance, solicitations and entreaties by our ladies and gentlemen, have been repeatedly resorted to dissuade them from their course, and induce them to throw up their most disreputable business—all to no purpose. On Sunday evening last, an ugly drunken Irishman called "Jimmy" applied at a late hour for liquor and admission at the inn of James Gallagher; which was refused, but watching his opportunity he succeeded in slying in with another person, and there called for liquor again, which being refused him, he became noisy and turbulent, and was ordered out of the house, and refused to go, Mr. Gallagher took hold of him and put him out, when he stabbed Gallagher with a heavy knife, inflicting two dangerous wounds on his body, and immediately fled.

Yesterday Mr. Gallagher, in view of all the facts and circumstances, resolved to abandon the sale of intoxicating liquors, and requested the citizens, male and female, to meet at his grocery and witness the destruction of what he had on hand. At the hour appointed, (P. M.) a large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled, and several cask of grog were rolled out and destroyed amid the cheers of the spectators.

This work being done, the ladies, some fifteen in number, comprising some of the most respectable and intelligent in town, proceeded to the saloon of R. H. Renoud, and informed him what Mr. Gallagher had done, and in the kindest manner requested him to do the same, assuring him that he would meet the wishes and receive the gratitude of the whole community. This he refused to do, and treated them with insult and contempt. They then informed him that they should do it for him—that they had come prepared to do so, and thereupon they brandished their hatchets and proceeded to open his cellar door and enter the room where his liquor was concealed. Renoud then walked into a back room, seized a double-barrelled gun, loaded with ball, and entering the cellar, where the ladies by this time had commenced in earnest the work of cutting up hoops and staving in heads drew up his gun, took deliberate aim, and ordered them out of his cellar.

Some of them complied with his order, and he followed them up into his bar-room, which, by this time, was filled with gentlemen who were attracted by the cry of the ladies, and who at once seized and disarmed him. The ladies then returned to the cellar and finished the utter demolition of every cask, jug and bottle supposed to contain the "critter."

The work being completed, they then proceeded to two other infamous licentious dens, and effectually demolished every cask and vessel containing spirituous liquors, making a clean sweep of the whole, amid the cheers and plaudits of the assembled multitude. We regret the necessity which led to these acts of violence, but we appeal to the virtuous and the good everywhere, whether they will not excuse and justify these noble women who have thus rid our happy community of the foul disturbance of our peace and prosperity, when the law of the land is powerless, and the offenders set at nought their entreaties and remonstrances?

Surely it was fit and proper that those who by means of this vile traffic are made to suffer a thousand deaths should take the work of righting their cruel wrongs into their own hands. They have done it—and gloriously, too, and stand ready to repeat their work whenever occasion requires.

Yours truly,

SPECTATOR.

PROVIDENCE, April 20th.

DEAR MISS MCDOWELL:—I am very happy to have an opportunity of giving you early information respecting the Petition to Parliament of those noble Englishwomen, who though exempted by their genius and positions from feeling in their own persons the wrongs of their sex, have with generous Christian sympathy extended their influence to those who are in deepest need, and have asked all that we on this side of the water, have been struggling for. My friend says the Petition was proposed by Mrs. Jameson, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Gaskill, and others. It was in circulation but a short time, but obtained about 2600 signatures, a small number, but it must be remembered this is the first effort of English women to redress their grievances.

It was presented in the House of Lords by Lord Brougham, and in the Commons by Sir. Erskine Perry and so favorably received that Sir. E. Perry gave notice of a motion asking for a Parliamentary Committee to inquire into the subject. It is to be brought forward again on the 22d of April. In the meantime the Parliamentary advocates are anxious to be supported by petitions from all parts of the kingdom signed by both men and women, they are also desirous to obtain as much information as possible concerning the laws of other countries regarding women particularly in America. Here is work for some of our co-laborers. The laws of N. E. were pretty thoroughly digested by the Committee last year, appointed for that purpose, and the result has been more enlightened forms of Petitions and a reform in this State, giving a woman the right of making her will, as independantly as man of all the property which she may acquire or hold by inheritance. Will you not suggest a reading of the statutes of your States and a digest of all action which has been taken about women to some of your subscribers who have the leisure.

Yours, truly,

P. W. DAVIS.

For The Lily.

A Thought, or may be two, about the Spring Fashions.

The warm days and pleasant summer weather, is heralded by the fine display of gay colors in the shop windows, the bright ribbons and delicate embroideries, the charming laces and trimmings.

The votaries of dress and fashion are busy; band-boxes almost float along the streets, but the cool and windy weather still keeps the beautiful cadtus bonnets and white ribbons in their retreats. The bonnets are a little nearer no bonnet at all, than ever this Spring, and are mostly remarkable for the depth of the curtain, and the amount of its trimmings. One cannot but wonder at the ludicrous custom of wearing the bonnet on the back of the neck, and as in no case has it a graceful appearance, and combines such obvious disadvantages, that we must marvel at the pertinacity of ladies adhering to such injurious modes of dress.

By this manner of wearing the head covering, the whole face is uncomfortably exposed, and particularly do the eyes suffer, fading and growing old and dim from the extreme light. To remedy the effect of the direct sun-light upon the complexion, veils are with many worn to preserve that pretty freshness so pleasant to every eye, but then the lungs suffer, for they require purer air than circulates within the veil, and during the exercise of walking, this natural demand is far increased. We recommend this suggestion to our lady friends who would follow the analogies of nature, by very commendably combining health and beauty.

In dress material, the variety of goods and quality is still on the increase, and each one can study her own ideas of economy or beauty. The beautiful merino, the all-wool delaine, or the plain black silk, though, are always elegant. The shallies, the summer silks, berages, and sweet, cool muslins, are not to be seen yet out of the shops.

The poor woman, with her scanty pay, will find less difficulty in selecting a nice, durable material, of a moderate price, than in earning money to pay for the extra number of yards now in requisition, though such generally have the advantage of possessing that good sense and taste that dictate a medium in matters of dress.

The pretty calico morning wrapper, with collars of the same, is nice and comfortable, and are in good vogue with the home woman.

Of Shawls, the Canton Crape is still liked, and indeed is always handsome; and so, too, with some colored silk ones that are more serviceable, and cost less. The black silk mantilla is genteel and forms a pleasant article of dress for the shoulders. But about the hoops, ladies, shall we speak of *them?* We cannot, without entering our protest to their extreme ungainliness. Some one has said that they form a fine frame on which to display the flounced dresses, and flowing robes. This might do, but we object to our women being the motive power of such ungraceful and ludicrous combinations. And we are heartily pleased that they find so little favor. The basque waists, tho' on the decline for awhile, are still very much liked, as they deserve. The little black or colored silk Joseys, or those of dotted Swiss muslin, for the warmer weather, are exceedingly pretty, as well as comfortable.

The huge collar has been driven out of use by good taste. Thanks for this favor, for the smaller sizes are enough prettier.

We have been thinking that our street costumes are becoming more various, and consequently the effect is more pleasing. Individualism is acknowledged more in dress, and fitness in color, style and mode, more apparent. This is certainly an advancement, and probably has resulted from the wholesome discussions on dress reform. Particularly in the dress of children, do we see decided improvements. The loose sacque waists, and the comfortable close drawers are so much better than the old forms of dress for growing forms and active habits.

For The Lily.

WOMAN.

"Of all the Creator's works," says an eminent scholar, "Woman is the last and greatest.' If this be so, why is it that she does not assert her natural right, by placing herself at the head of inferior creation?

"But there is a sphere in which she should act,' says the same author, "and beyond which if she attempts to move, her primitive virtues desert her."

Perhaps this may all be true, but there seems to be an inconsistency in the expression, for if she is the greatest and best, then man should no longer seek to restrain her from following any pursuit in life, from even dictating to her the proper sphere, in which she should act; but on the other hand, he should sit in passive silence, and ever be ready to obey the mandates of his worthy superiors. The truth, however, in this as in most other cases, is found between the extremes.

I have endeavored to solve the problem, why one sex should attempt to define the duties of the other, but being convinced that the answer as it now is, is based upon no natural principles, the attempt has been abandoned as unworthy of further attention. Should this privilege, however, be granted to one, it is but just that it should be given to the other; then would *woman define the rights of man!*—saying, "thus far shalt thou go, no further!"

This would indeed seem harsh and unbecoming, yet not by any means more so than the "sphere of women," as they are now seen floating all over the world. One comes from the sacred desk, whose inmate's duty it is to "preach the gospel, (which shall make you free,) to every creature."

Loudly does he declaim that she shall be an help-meet, but he omits to mention that "for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, for they twain shall be one." No stronger language is necessary than this; man is to forsake *all* things; the object of his heart is to be his equal; they must tread the same path; not one to the right, and the other to the left, but together, and hand in hand, having the same duties, the same aims in life, the same anticipations in the world to come.

The absurdity of defining the sphere of woman becomes more ludicrous every day. There is not perhaps in all the Western States, a debating club of six months growth, but that the young tyro of twelve and fifteen summers, considers himself fully competent to discuss and decide the various questions relating to the *sphere* and *duty* of his dear mamma, and all others of her sex, though she may be one of the world's greatest authors, or teachers or other benefactors.

But what makes it appear worse than otherwise, is that the young genius is not only applauded there, but in society at large, as being one of those far seeing ones, the future hope of our country—forgetting, perhaps, that he owes his greatness most all together to that mother whom he now, in common with the whole class, regards as mere ciphers in the scale of existence—as a being unequal to his lordly self, notwithstanding he derived his whole being from her—physical and intellectual. I cannot fancy how woman, endowed with a spirit, and with virtues such as are found in her alone, could look on such scenes without some feeling of resentment. We see her, however, from day to day, forgiving and forgetting, and loving those who would thus snatch away her existence: not wilfully, perhaps, but without considering the subject in its true light. Compared with the ancient world, or with most nations of the earth at the present day, woman in America holds a high and exalted position, and for this reason it is unjust that she should no longer attempt to lay claim to any other rights than those she is *permitted (!)* to enjoy.

Man, too, infallible man, once groped in darkness and ignorance, from which, by degrees, he has been emerging for hundreds of years. Nor is he yet satisfied—every year, every day tells of some newly invented machine, some discovery in science—some desirable improvement in the cause of education—something that will raise man still higher in the scale of intellectual attainment.

He does not for a moment dream that he has attained *all* that man can attain; but pushes forward with renewed strength at each successive step; the railroad car he now begins to consider but a slow plodding vehicle, and longs to be carried on the wings of the wind, as quick as thought itself; he is even now computing the probable length of time his intended journey to the moon, or the far distant planets will require.

So far is he from being satisfied with his present attainments, that he wonders that any one can be so lost to himself and to the world, as to pass his life away in idleness and sloth, without advancing forward, onward and upward, with gigantic struggles in the great race of human progress! And this is as it should be; life is too short to be trifled away; science is yet asking to be enriched in a thousand departments, nature unfolds her drapery of beauty and glory, inviting us by a myriad of beautiful scenes, to study the works of the bountiful Creator—indeed all things, animate and inanimate, speak with an utterance too plain to be mistaken, that life is an endless chain of circumstances which requires the mind to be ever on the alert, investigating the beautifully variegated, the endless diversity of objects with which our world is filled.

Nor should woman be less active; great attainments in the moral world are yet demanded; assistance in all the improvements of the day are required at her hands; man needs *thy guiding counsel* in every possible position in life—at home or abroad, in the morning of life and in shades of evening, in peace, in war! What dying soldier does not long in vain once more to behold the faces that circle round his distant home? What mother would not calm his dying pillow? May she never behold the scenes of carnage and death; but as desirously may we also hope that man may never *create* them! How natural that they should ever be equal partners in the lot of life: this was the design at creation—this is the end of existence.

WILLIAM K. SHERWIN.

Yellow Springs, O.

☞ Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser or his crime.

For The Lily.

ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

This is a subject which embraces an important question, and which should invoke the interest of every thinking mind. Not whether it is right for women to vote, (for this is a self-evidant truth which requires no discussion to evolve its intrinsic worth,) but the question is, shall we, as citizens of these United States, have a voice in forming laws that just as nearly concern us, as they can any living mortal? For if we commit a crime, we are tried by the laws, and by the laws we are condemned.

Freedom is a living principle of our nature, implanted by God in the mind of every reasonable human being, and until man can prove that woman is a non-existent being—if they in this so-called "enlightened land," can sanction the Mahomedan creed, that

"Woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust;"

How dare they question the authority of their Creator, who "made of one blood all nations to dwell on the face of the earth;' and in Heaven "they shall be neither male nor female, bond nor free, but all one in Christ the Lord." How dare they deprive them of that liberty which is as dear to them as it is to man, and say, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Yet they have dared to deprive her of her political existence, and say that "a husband represents his wife." What would you think if the Representatives of our State should present each a vote to the legislature for a candidate for office, and say that they would represent the people without their consent—or present a petition for the enactment or amendment of laws, without any other signers? They would be spurned with contempt from the legislative halls.

Yet the men enact laws suited to their own convenience, without our knowledge or consent, and commands us to obey them, whether we consider them just or not.

I affirm that such things are not right.

It is not right for any human beings to be governed by imperfect laws, which they can have no right or part in forming. And as all mankind are imperfect, it is impossible for them to make perfect laws in every way suited to the capacity of all. It is nothing more nor less than tyranny.

Some say that "it is not becoming for the women to go to the polls to vote, in consequence of the drunkenness and vulgarity of the men generally attending elections." Has it then come to this, that we are subject to laws made by the drunken, vulgar, and vicious, (yes, and idiots, too,) and many who cannot read their tickets, and moral, virtuous and intelligent women excluded? I should suppose that this would be the last objection that they would make. They ought to conduct themselves in such a manner that they would not be ashamed to have the women in their society.

Others say that "they would vote just as their husbands do." However they would vote, this has nothing to do with the principle. These are only petty objections among a thousand others, emanating from tyrants who would crush justice, humanity and reason, beneath their feet.

According to the Declaration of Independence, "all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Will any one deny that women are included in this Declaration? If so, they must deny that they are rea-onable beings. Then why are they amenable to the same laws with men? And why exclude male negroes? But "all men" is a synonomous term, meaning all mankind. Next, "to secure these these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." As we do not consent to be governed by these laws, they can have no power whatever over us. "All experience has shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

In referring to the Constitution of the United States, we find that criminals have a "right of trial by a jury of their own peers." I have never known an instance of this being done, where the criminal was a woman.

In reference to voters, the constitution says nothing about "white male citizens." But the state of Ohio prescribes that "in all elections, all white male inhabitants, above the age of twenty-one years, having resided in the State one year next preceding the election, and who has paid or are charged with a State or county tax, shall enjoy the right of an elector.

Thus we are deprived of voting for State laws, as are also women and negroes of other States.—But were we to cast votes for United States laws or officers, who would forbid us? By what authority has the State of Ohio inscribed the words "white male" upon its statute books? Not by the authority of Uncle Sam. But it has come to this that they make the constitution of no account—*only a name*. They have "aspired to rule over us," and have forced us to submit. Why does not some aristocrat aspire to be a monarch?

Oh! my sisters, how long will we submit to such injustice as this? How long will we be governed by men independent of our own sense of justice, and yield to their arbitrary commands, which, until the constitution is amended, we are not *lawfully* and never will be *rightfully* bound to obey?

ALMIRA M. SMITH.

Spencer, Medina co., O.

For The Lily.

A New System of Medicine for Diseases Peculiar to Females.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

A new system of medicine! Well, I should be glad to know how many there are not already—there's allopathy, and homœopathy—but there is no use trying to name them; if I do, I shall get my sheet full before I get them half enumerated.

But my system is a new system; not only is it a new system, it is a unique system—it is founded on entirely different principles from all other systems—it is founded on that eternal truth, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."—And the great and peculiar secret—virtue of this system is, it cures in anticipation—before the disease makes its appearance. It has all the virtue and infallibility of the necromantic arts of the sorcerers of the olden time. It is a real, never-failing amulet, the veritable *elixir vitæ* for which the alchemists sought, the fountain of youth.

Many and various are the diseases it cures. Diseases peculiar, and some not so very peculiar to females either. Many and various are the symptoms of these diseases, diagnostics, I should have said—medical men should use medical language. Delicate health, extreme limit of sphere somewhere this side the wood-pile—cant walk half a mile without being exhausted; hysterical sensitiveness to things of no importance, and perfect apathy when anything really beneficial is to be undertaken—several month's confinement at every addition to the family; getting up with a severe headache about 10, A. M.; a fit of the horrors at the mention of Woman's Rights, and actual swooning at the thought of wearing Bloomers.

So much for the diseases and their symptoms; and for the remedy. But we must be systematic—all systems of medicines are so. And we must talk learnedly, too; if we don't, people won't think we know anything. That is, we must use language people can't understand—that we don't understand ourselves. Well, then, to talk learnedly, all diseases have their pre-disposing and their exciting causes. These must be both taken into consideration in this treatment. Likewise, they all have their different "stages," some more, some less. Each stage requires its own peculiar treatment, and has its peculiar specific.

The first stage, and the predisposing cause to these diseases, for which our system is an infallible remedy, commences with the following symptoms: "You're a *girl*—you shouldn't be tom-boy, romping and gadding with the boys; you should stay in the house, play with your doll, and not get your delicate skin all tanned up—girls should be delicate and lady-like, and keep still. Advice followed: she becomes demure, pale and dejected, delicate, feeble, and anything but healthy.

Specific for this stage: Take a rousing dose of lethe *yourself*—forget that she's a girl, and let her run and romp with the boys as long as she wishes. Let her act out unperverted nature, and not confine body and soul in the purgatory invented by false custom—a purgatory that outvies all the mad imaginings of a Romish zealot.

The second stage, and continuation of the predisposing cause, may be prognosticated from the following signs: A lengthening of the skirt till it impedes the motion and paralyzes the abdominal muscles with its swaying weight; staying in doors more than ever; a horror of housework, and a thousand shifts to send, teach school, and live by light work; "setting their cap" for all the beaux and marriagable young men of their acquaintance, and a vague idea that the sense of woman's being is to get married; flirting, following the fashions; talking soft nonsense to flattering coxcombs; and doing countless other foolish things generally; the color of the cheeks disappearing every time they are washed, and divers symmetrical proportions consummated with cotton.

Specific: A dozen grains of common sense, administered daily: a new fashioned application of the "patent petticoat lifter," to prevent their ever getting down; a thorough sweating over physiology; occasional ducking with the geese; plenty of out-door exercise, and a good daily dose of sunshine to electrify the system, and give it elasticity and vigor.

The symptom of the third stage may be summed up as the personification of a delicate woman, with a concatenation of ailments that it would take several folios and all the learning and technicalities of the "schools" to describe.

Specific: All the treatment before described; together with an interest in governmental affairs and general knowledge: 1st. Because literary people, other things being equal, are longer lived than others. 2d. The stimulus of being interested in governmental concerns acting on the liver, causes it to become invigorated and strengthened. Rush tells us that the interest taken in the success of the Revolutionary war, by the women of that time, cured many cases of hysteria and nervousness; and Dr. Cullen observed the same thing during the civil war in Scotland in 1745 and 1746. One great cause of the want of physical vigor in one women is their want of mental activity and their imbecility.

Of exercise, simply considered as such, they quite frequently have enough; but their exercise isn't taken in the right place; they want out door exercise; but they must stay in the house and grow up as colorless and substanceless as a potato or a cabbage in the dark. Exercise alone cannot answer the purpose; clerks may run their legs off behind the counter, and yet remain as pale and spiritless as corpses. They want the sunbeams to electerize the system—to give it tone and vigor.

Dr. Moore the celebrated metaphysician, thus speaks of light on body and mind: "A tadpole, confined in darkness, would never become a frog, and an infant, deprived of heaven's free light, will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Vallais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiotcy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiotcy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech, some are deaf, some blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is, in all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect, with regard to the sun; and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, on which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt; those on the other side: and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

The general prescription for all the stages of the diseases for which our system provides, is 'from their youth up" to take a sufficient quantity of out

door exercise and sunshine, and fully develop them normally. Let them but do this, and we give them the best assurance that t ey will have little occasion to resort to other systems of medicine. Nor will it make them unlovable either. The Italian women, the most lovely in the world, live full half th time in the open air. But follow our prescriptions faithfully, and we will insure them a l against those fearful curses and consequences of the 'Fall,' which certain bigots seem to think an inevitable doom.

If you doubt one word, we can give you any amount of certificates that this system, if fully carried out, produces these results. The certificates of medical men that the native or Indian women of both North and South America, New Zealand, and all other countries; of those of Iceland, Norway, the ancient Genoese, and all others of full normal development, are subject to no inconvenience from the consequences of the "Fall."

For The Lily.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MARY E. PEASE—I cannot express my gratitude to you, for your words of commendation and encouragement to one who is so ill qualified for writing as myself. Although you are a stranger to me, yet when I consider that you are interested in and laboring for the elevation of our sex, my heart is united to yours by a thousand ties.

I am young and inexperienced in the ways of the world, but I observe many who are deeply wronged by their fellow beings; and if they quietly submit, I think it is my duty to plead in their defence. I wish success to all who are engaged in this noble work. Especially do I sympathise with our Lily editor. May she go on with untiring perseverance, and when she shall have finished the work that is given her to do on earth—may a crown of never-fading laurels encircle her brow.

I hope you will continue your efforts in favor of human rights, and I gladly anticipate the time (though I may not share its blessings.) when we shall no longer hear the cry, "Give me liberty, or give me death;" but when the bright orb of universal freedom and independence shall wave its banner around the standard of liberty, in the orbits of justice and virtue. A. M. SMITH.

Female Education.*

Our young women want a more vigorous, practical and useful Education, one that shall develope strength, character, and resolution; one that shall give growth to the mind, power to the will, and efficiency to the life; one that shall enable any woman to be independent, true to herself, to entertain and maintain her own opinion, to get her own living, to mark out her own course in life, to count one in any position she may choose to occupy, to be all that may belong to a free, independent, accountable, intelligent creature. They want to be educated so they will know their own powers, understand their own duties, and comprehend the value of life too well to waste it on trifles. They want to be able to *know* the world in which they move, to take an active part in all life's duties, to converse intelligently upon all ordinary subjects, and make a useful figure in the circle in which they move.

Woman's powers are eminently practical. She has a strong judgment, a rich store of practical good sense, an ample fund of tact, skill, shrewdness, inventiveness, and management. Women are the best managers in the world so far as they have had experience and a field of action. Not one whit behind are they in every department of life to which they have had access.

Now if our girls were reared to the practical duties of life, trained to some great and good end, taught to live for something, have some grand and noble purpose in life, and live to that purpose, how much richer in all that embelishes life and magnifies humanity would be our world!

Our boys have something to live for. Each one says, "I'll be this or that; I'll do so and so when I'm a man. The world must know that I live. I must hew out my way, make me a mark, tell a story that my fellows shall hear." And so each one educates himself into his purpose. But how is it with our girls? What do they live for? What do they expect to be and do when they are women? They have powers equal to the boys—can play as well, run as fast, learn as readily, manage as skillfully, perceive as quickly, are as dutiful, useful and efficient. Why should the boys grow up with a great and good purpose before them, while the girls grow up for nothing? See what a woman has to do and what mighty springs of action and influence she holds in her hands. She sits on a throne of power at the very fountain of life. She is goddess of all the springs and little rivlulets of humanity. She makes men and trains them. As mother, wife, and friend she wields a triune sceptre of vast power. She rears the twigs that grow into the oaks of the world.—She may bend them at her will. If woman were rightly educated, who could tell what a race of men would grow up to people the coming ages? How can the woman-mind, undeveloped, untrained, uninspired with great aims, grand and brave resolutions, and actions, impress the minds of the generation to come with strength, power, activity, intellectual and moral vigor? It cannot. Oh, it is a burning shame that our women are not educated to a greator vigor of body and mind! They should be strong in will, thought, action, love, resolution; they should be stout-hearted, high-souled, brave purposed, yet always womanly. If the world were mine, and I could educate but one sex, it should be the girls. I could make a greater and better world of the next generation by educating the girls of this. It is not half so important that our legislators be wise, as that our mothers be so. It is not half so important that our men be brave, as that our women be so. Strengthen the woman heart and you strengthen the world. Give me a nation of noble women, and I will give you a noble nation. Cultivate the woman-mind if you would cultivate the race.

*From Aims and Aids for girls and young women, published by Fowler and Wells, 308 Broodway Price 87 cts.

In the House.

We have been in several houses since our boyhood, and have learned that much of the happiness and misery of this life depends upon domestic matters; and if we tell some fictitious names, that we may not seem to be personal.

'James," said Mrs. Johnson, "you go right along and bring in some wood, this minute, or I'll certainly whip you. When do you think I shall get my washing out at this rate?"

James, a boy about ten years old, was amusing himself tying sticks to the cat, and kept on without paying any attention to his mother's command. Mrs. Johnson, who was obliged to do her own housework, as they felt to poor to keep a hired girl, and who was very anxious this day to get her washing done before night, as she expected friends from a distance, kept on washing with all her might, forgetting the fire and what she had said to James about the wood; and forgetting, also, if she ever thought of it, that the proper government of her boy at that age was more important than washing or preparing for friends. Going to the boiler presently, and finding that the clothes had not yet boiled, she almost ran for some wood scolding at James as she went somewhat as follows:—

"Why didn't you get some wood when I told you? Here it's almost noon, and your father'll be here to dinner pretty soon, and there'll be nothing ready. Now James, you let that cat alone, or I'll whip you, sure's you live!"

James, who had been threatened with a whipping a great many times, but never received one, more than a slap upon the ear, was quite too busy to pay any attention to his mother just then, for he had about a dozen sticks tied to the cat's legs, tail, neck and ears, and was just ready to let her go. When Mrs. Johnson came in with her wood she saw the cat scampering up stairs, rattling like a dozen chicked wind-mills;and joined James in a hearty laugh, her youthful prodigy concluded he had done a very nice thing in the sight of is mother. But though cheerfulness seemed to be restored between them, it was of short duration. Lucy, James' sister, a little girl about six years old, was "rocking the baby," and to keep her contented her mother had let her take James' picture book James, just at this time, discovered this encroachment upon his dignity, and flying at Lucy, he snatched the book and gave her a hard blow upon the side of her head that made her scream to the top of her voice.

"There," said James, "I'll learn you to get *my* book."

"James, said Mrs. Johnson, "just as sure as you ever do that again I'll whip you as long as you can stand. There, there, dear,' said she to Lucy, "James is a naughty boy; but don't cry, and mother'll give you a piece of that nice cake she baked Saturday."

By this time the baby had waked, and was squalling according to the full strength of its lungs. James, seeing the confusion he had made, had left, and Lucy was munching a piece of cake that required both hands to hold it to her mouth Mrs. J. took the child, and, while administering nature's opiate, her trials came vividly before her mind.—She had done, she thought, all that a mother could do to make her children do right, and still she was having daily troubles with them. She had worked till she felt almost exhausted; her work was all behindhand, her washing could hardly be completed by dark, her friends would find her unprepared for their reception; and more than all, she knew her husband would not appreciate her trials, and would find fault because everything was not to his liking; and as she rocked back and forth with her precious charge, the tears commenced coursing down her cheeks. At this time she saw her husband, Mr. Johnson, coming to his dinner, and wiping the tears from her face, she endeavored to appear cheerful when he entered.

"Well, this is pretty business," said Mr. Johnson, "half after twelve, and nothing done towards dinner yet."

"I've done all I could," replied his wife, meekly, "the baby has been worrisome, and I couldn't get James to bring a stick of wood nor do anything to help me."

"Couldn't," said Mr. Johnson, contemptuously, "I guess if I couldn't make such a boy as that mind I'd never tell it.'

We have thus given enough of the management in the house of Mr. Johnson to show what every day life is there. And yet Mrs. Johnson is an amiable, well-disposed woman, but there seemes to be an almost total failure in her capacity to properly manage and govern children; and quite a lack in regard to time and order. With these defects overcome, she would be an excellent housewife. Mr. Johnson is usually considered a sensible man and a christian, but neither his sense nor christianity has taught him to be constantly cheerful in his own house; nor to endeavor to lighten the burdens which are surely shortening the days of his wife. Out from their own house, in the social circle, and in the busy world, they are thought to be pleasant, agreeable and happy companions; and we should never have known to the contrary, had we not had a chance to witness the management of matters in the house. When we left that house, our thoughts ran nearly as fol-

lows: How foolish—how unchristian, to appear pleasant, and agreeable, and contented, and to talk of all our duties as husbands, wives and parents, when we are mingling with the world, but to be morose, sullen, cross, and unfeeling in our families! —to attempt to sympathize in the trials of our neighbors, when we refuse to sympathize in those of our husbands or wives!—to seek momentary pleasure in the social circle and busy world, but throw away the days, month and years of pure happiness which might be enjoyed in the neat, quiet, well-managed home! And these thoughts troubled us considerably, till we had the privilege of witnessing the management in another and very different house; which management we will perhaps describe at some future time.

[Wisconsin Mirror.

In the Churn.

In the palmy days of the slow coach and horseback traveling, many years ago, Joseph Dennie, the celebrated editor and proprietor of the Portfolio, the first purely literary newspaper published in the United States, then issued in the goodly city of Philadelphia; Joseph Dennie, we say, or were about to say, was traveling one dismally stormy day in November; when night drew on, and found him and his weary nag in the present city—then town—of Providence, R. I. He found all the hotels full, and could obtain no "accomodation for either man or beast." Straightway he sought again the best hotel in town," and told the landlord that he must stay there over night, if he had to hang over a chair.—The landlord, well known for his gentlemanly attentions to all his guests, told Mr. D. that there was one bed in the house which contained only one individual, and that one Dr. Dwight, of Yale College. "I will speak to him," said he, "perhaps he may be disposed to compassionate your distressed condition."

"Do so," said Mr Dennie, "and I shall be under obligations all my life."

Without being tedious, it is enough that the landlord prevailed with the doctor, to take in a strange bed-fellow for the night.

Being men of literary tastes, and disposed withal to be wakeful, they entered immediately into conversation respecting books and their authors, and men occupying prominent positions in the domain of letters. The doctor was disposed to be rather severe on such as did not conform to his own standard of orthodoxy, and soon found his way to the city of Brotherly Love, and commenced a violent attack on the editor of the Portfolio. Now Dennie was well known as an elegant scholar and vigorous writer, and to entertain opinions quite unfavorable to the standard by which the doctor shaped his creed.

"There's Joe Dennie," said the doctor—he was familiarly known throughout the country as Joe Dennie—"a man of brilliant parts, but a most pernicious foe to the cause of virtue and religion; a man, I do not hesitate to say, doing more harm to our young men. through the columns of the Portfolio, than any ten of our pulpits can rectify. He holds the lowest views of religion and morality, and is doing incalculable mischief."

"Why, sir, do you think so badly of him?" inquired the doctor's bed-fellow. I think you must have acquired your impressions of the man from his enemies. Do you know him personally, sir?"

"Oh, no," responded Dr. D., "I have not that honor; but I have friends in P. who do, and I have my information from the most unquestionable authority."

After a little further general talk, Dennie led the conversation by an easy approach to the college of which the good doctor was then and for many years after an ornament.

"I have often been surprised," remarked Dennie, "that a man of such acknowledged genius and piety as Dr. Dwight, should have become such a pedant and bigot, as all who know him attest to be the case, and as nearly the whole of his published writings show."

"O, that is not the reputation of Dr. Dwight," said the doctor, "surely you have drawn your information from sources wholly inimical to Dr. Dwight."

"From his own pen," responded Dennie, "and from those who know him best, and are his personal friends."

"Permit me to assure you, my dear sir," said the doctor in considerable agitation, "that you are entirely mistaken in your estimation of Dr. Dwight; I have known him intimately for years, and I should never have suspected him of being either a *pedant or a bigot.*

"Still," replied Dennie, "I cannot doubt I am right, for although I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, I have my information from the most unquestionable authority," quoting the doctor's own words.

"Sir," said the doctor, assuming his most imposing manner and tone of voice, and partly turning toward his bedfellow, "*I am Dr. Dwight.*"

"And *I*, Sir," quietly responded the editor of the Portfolio, "*am Joe Dennie.*"

We opine that the bed was not wide enough te hold them *comfortably* for the balance fo the night.—*The People's Organ.*

Grass.

Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognise in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, paths—the rests in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all the shepherd life and meditation—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in eternal streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust—pastures besides the pacing brooks—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted tea—crisp lawns all dim with the early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices; all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full depth of this heavenly gift, in our land; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakspeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but a part. Go out in the spring time, among meadows that slope from the mountains.—There, mingled with the taller gentains and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue-water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."

There are also several lessons symbolically connected with this subject, which we must not allow to escape us. Observe, the peculiar character of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent *humility* and *cheerfulness.* Its humility, in that it seems created only for the lowest service—appointed to be trodden on, and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth—growing with variegated flame of flowers—waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and though it will not mock its fellow plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn, and turn colorless or leafless as they. It is always green; and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost.—*Ruskin.*

From the Ladies' Enterprise.

Petition from the Women of England.

The following petition has received 1500 signatures.

To the House of Commons:—That we, &c., fully recognise those essential principles of all civilized society, personal freedom and the rights of property, which give to all its members, liberty of action and security in the inviolate possession of the fruits of their industry.

That the existing laws is a violation and manifestly unjust.

That the altered circumstances of modern society have opened to woman many new sources of honorable self support in literature, arts, and manufactures, of which they have largely availed themselves, and great interests have thus arisen which it is full time should be recognised and edequately protected by the State.

That the utter disqualification of woman in a country which boasts equality before the lay, should make the British Legislature especially to protect her civil and her social rights.

That the condition of woman and her individual rights have been considered and legally protected in the United States and other countries and with the best effects.

Wherefore, &c.

The grievances are stated with firmness and energy, and the petitioners request inquiry and investigation.

The movement proceeds from Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Jameson, and Miss Martineau, supported by Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Charles Dickens, and other eminent literary men.

Sir Erskine Perry has taken charge of a petition to be presented to the House of Commons for a motion for the 22nd of April.

It is his intention to move, for which evidence will be received bearing on the subject and on the report.

A bill will be framed to correct or supply any deficiencies in the law, as it at present stands.

GIFTS.—The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect, to all men, charity; to God, obedience.

☞It is stated in a book lately published in France, that in Paris alone at least 300,000 suicides have been committed within fifty years yast.